ngs of orning

TRACY

Edward J. Clode

or no risk in de- Soon after sunset deepest gloom, for in the tropics with The hazard lay in white sand, were hiding behind the trees.

hardy view of his one sided nature of r was due solely to modern rifles as op- aders. Let him be level at close quar- etermined men and cumb.

the presence of Iris n no second thought act without consult- ossible, so they dis- ct. Naturally she

dan may be able to nted out. "In any ntil the moon wanes. st hour. We do not happen meanwhile." hardly left her mouth volley was fired at ght flank of the en- Every bullet struck heads, the common ry at night being to aim. But the impact a rock so highly im- inerals caused sparks saw that the Dyaks this means a most of their faulty prac- s to at once occupy he rapidly adjusted a den rests already pre- tion of an attack from fired three shots at st whence came the flashes.

the three found a hu- re was a shout of sur- and the next volley e ground level. This ge owing to the angle, red to disconcert the eping up a steady fire n. He did not dream r than a moral effect, of room to miss when rk. Soon he imagined f flame from his rifle s, because several bul- ose to his head, and e firing recommenced

ng all his skill and ma- e wooden supports he e the occupants. Ev- or more ounces of lead o the ledge, damaging tearing the tarpaulin, ch struck the wall of rous to Iris by reason ray.

s what had happened. the sloping plateau or to the projecting shoul- he Dyaks were so little le chance alone would hit one of them. But shifted, or this night would prove the most ment yet encountered. right, Iris?" he called

he answered. t you to keep yourself e canvas for a little your head and shoul- ng to stop these chaps. d our weak point, but m."

sk what he proposed to the rustling of the tar- pulled it. Instantly he rope ladder and, armed olver, dropped down the uite invisible to the en- hing the ground he lis- oment. There was no occasional reports nine- He hitched up the low- ladder until they were he level and then crept e to the rock for some

side a small poon tree find something imbed- ots. At this distance he hear the muttered con- e Dyaks and could see prone on the sand. The ed how fatal would be his part to reach the st discover him instant- ted the somber shadows e waited perhaps a few r than was necessary, pierce the dim atmos- n something of their dis-

outburst of firing sent haste. Iris was up there w not what might hap- now feverishly anxious again, to hear her voice at all was well. or he found the ladder y against the rock. Some it. He sprang forward, nsequence, and seized the which had fallen free l his foot on the bottom is' voice, close at hand terror, shrieked: ere are you?" shouted. The next in- ped into his arms. exclamation from the vi- ouse and some loud cries e distant Dyaks on the Prospect park showed been overheard. whispered. "Hold tight kly as you can!" t you!" od's sake! I follow at

She began to climb. He took some article from between his teeth, a string apparently, and drew it toward him, mounting the ladder at the same time. The end tightened. He was then about ten feet from the ground. Two Dyaks, yelling fiercely, rushed from the cover of the house.

"Go on," he said to Iris. "Don't lose your nerve, whatever happens. I am close behind you."

"I am quite safe," she gasped.

Turning and clinging on with one hand, he drew his revolver and fired at the pair beneath, who could now faintly discern them, and were almost within reach of the ladder. The shooting made them halt. He did not know or care if they were hit. To frighten them was sufficient. Several others

A tremendous explosion.

were running across the sands to the cave, attracted by the noise and the cries of the foremost pursuers.

Then he gave a steady pull to the cord. The sharp crack of a rifle came from the vicinity of the old quarry. He saw the flash among the trees. Almost simultaneously a bright light leaped from the opposite ledge, illuminating the vicinity like a meteor. It lit up the rock, showed Iris just vanishing into the safety of the ledge and revealed Jenks and the Dyaks to each other. There followed instantly a tremendous explosion that shook earth and air, dislodging every loose stone in the southwest pile of rocks, hurling from the plateau some of its occupants and wounding the remainder with a shower of lead and debris. The sailor, unmolested further, reached the ledge.

In a tall tree near the valley of death he had tightly fixed a loaded rifle which pointed at a loose stone in the rock overhanging the ledge held by the Dyaks. This stone rested against a number of precussion caps extracted from cartridges, and these were in direct communication with a train of powder leading to a blasting charge placed at the end of a twenty-four inch hole drilled with a crowbar. The impact of the bullet against the stone could not fail to explode some of the caps. He had used the contents of 300 cartridges to secure a sufficiency of powder, and the bullets were crammed into the orifice, being tamped with clay and wet sand. The rifle was fired by means of the string, the loose coils of which were secreted at the foot of the poon. By springing this novel mine he had effectually removed every Dyak from the ledge, over which its contents would spread like a fan. Further, it would probably deter the survivors from again venturing near the fatal spot.

Iris listened, only half comprehending. Her mind was filled with one thought to the exclusion of all others. Robert had left her, had done this thing without telling her. She forgave him, knowing he acted for the best, but he must never, never deceive her again in such a manner. She could not bear it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOU are a dear unreasonable little girl," he said. "Have you breath enough to tell me why you came down the ladder?"

"When I discovered you were gone I became wild with fright. Don't you see, I imagined you were wounded and had fallen from the ledge. What else could I do but follow, either to help you, or, if that were not possible"—

He found her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I humbly crave your pardon," he said. "That explanation is more than ample. It was I who behaved unreasonably. Of course I should have warned you."

"May I ask how many more wild adventures you undertook without my knowledge?"

"One other, of great magnitude. I fell in love with you."

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "I knew that long before you admitted it to yourself."

"Date, please?"

"Well, to begin at the very beginning, you thought I was nice on board the Sirdar. Now, didn't you?"

And they were safely embarked on a conversation of no interest to any other person in the wide world, but which provided them with the most delightful topic imaginable.

Thus the time sped until the rising moon silhouetted the cliff on the white carpet of coral strewn sand. The black shadow line traveled slowly closer to the base of the cliff, and Jenks, guided also by the stars, told Iris that midnight was at hand.

They knelt on the parapet of the ledge, alert to catch any unusual sound and watching for any indication of human movement. But Rainbow island was now still as the grave. The wounded Dyaks had seemingly been removed from hut and beach. The dead lay where they had fallen. The sea sang a lullaby to the reef, and the fresh breeze whispered among the palm fronds—that was all.

If the Mussulman kept his compact the hour was at hand. Then the light hiss of a snake rose to them from the depths. That is a sound never forgotten when once heard. It is like unto no other. Indeed the term "hiss" is a misnomer for the quick sibilant expulsion of the breath by an alarmed or angered serpent.

Iris paid no heed to it; but Jenks, who knew there was not a reptile of the snake variety on the island, leaned over the ledge and emitted a tolerably good imitation. The native was beneath.

"Sahib!"

The girl started at the unexpected call from the depths.

"Yes," said Jenks quietly.

"A rope, sahib."

The sailor lowered a rope. Something was tied to it beneath. The Mohammedan apparently had little fear of being detected.

"Pull, sahib."

"Usually it is the sahib who says 'pull,' but circumstances alter cases," communed Jenks. He hauled steadily at a heavy weight, a goatskin filled with cold water. He emptied the hot and sour wine out of the tin cup and was about to hand the thrice welcomed draft to Iris when a suspicious thought caused him to withhold it.

"Let me taste first," he said.

The Indian might have betrayed them to the Dyaks. More unlikely things had happened. What if the water were poisoned or drugged?

He placed the tin to his lips. The liquid was musty, having been in the skin nearly two days. Otherwise it seemed to be all right. With a sigh of profound relief he gave Iris the cup and smiled at the most unladylike haste with which she emptied it.

"Drink yourself and give me some more," she said.

"No more for you at present, madam. In a few minutes, yes."

"Oh, why not now?"

"Do not fret, dear one. You can have all you want in a little while. But to drink much now would make you very ill."

Iris waited until he could speak again.

"Why did you"— she began.

But he bent over the parapet.

"Hello!"

"Sahib!"

"You have not been followed?"

"I think not, sahib. Do not talk too loud. They are foxes in cunning. You have a ladder, they say, sahib. Will not your honor descend? I have much to relate."

Iris made no protest when Jenks explained the man's request. She only stipulated that he should not leave the ladder, while she would remain within easy earshot. The sailor, of course, carried his revolver. He also picked up a crowbar, a most useful and silent weapon. Then he went quietly downward. Nearing the ground, he saw the native, who salaamed deeply and was unarmed. The poor fellow seemed to be very anxious to help them.

"What is your name?" demanded the sailor.

"Mir Jan, sahib, formerly corporal in the Kumaon regiment."

"When did you leave the regiment?"

"Two years ago, sahib. I killed"—

"What was the name of your colonel?"

"Kurnal I-shpence-sahib, a brave man, but of no account on a horse."

Jenks well remembered Colonel Spence—a fat, short legged warrior, who rolled off his charger if the animal so much as looked sideways. Mir Jan was telling the truth.

"You are right, Mir Jan. What is Tuang S'Ali doing now?"

"Cursing, sahib, for the most part. His men are frightened. He wanted them to try once more with the tubes that shoot poison, but they refused. He could not come alone, for he could not use his right hand, and he was wounded by the blowing up of the rock. You nearly killed me, too, sahib. I was there with the bazaar-born whelps. By the prophet's beard, it was a fine stroke."

"Are they going away, then?"

"No, sahib. The dogs have been whipped so sore that they snarl for revenge. They say there is no use in firing at you, but they are resolved to kill you and the miss sahib or carry her off if she escapes the assault."

"What assault?"

"Protector of the poor, they are building scaling ladders—four in all. Soon after dawn they intend to rush your position. You may slay some, they say, but you cannot slay threescore. Taung S'Ali has promised gold to every man who survives if they succeed. They have pulled down your signal on the high rocks and are using the poles for the ladders. They think you have a charm, sahib, and they want to use your own work against you."

This was serious news. A combined attack might indeed be dangerous, though it had the excellent feature that if it failed the Dyaks would certainly leave the island. But his sky sign destroyed! That was bad. Had a vessel chanced to pass the swinging letters would surely have attracted attention. Now even that faint hope was dispelled.

"Sahib, there is a worse thing to tell," said Mir Jan.

"Say on, then."

"Before they place the ladders against the cliff they will build a fire of green wood so that the smoke will be blown by the wind into your eyes. This will help to blind your aim. Otherwise you never miss"

"That will assuredly be awkward, Mir Jan."

"It will, sahib. Soul of my father, if we had but half a troop with us"—

But they had not, and they were both so intent on the conversation that they were momentarily off their guard. Iris was more watchful. She fancied there was a light rustling amid the undergrowth beneath the trees on the right. And she could hiss, too, if that were the correct thing to do.

So she hissed.

Jenks swarmed halfway up the ladder.

"Yes, Iris," he said.

"I am not sure, but I imagine something moved among the bushes behind the house."

"All right, dear. I will keep a sharp lookout. Can you hear us talking?"

"Hardly. Will you be long?"

"Another minute."

He descended and told Mir Jan what the miss sahib said. The native was about to make a search when Jenks stopped him.

"Here"—he handed the man his revolver—"I suppose you can use this?"

Mir Jan took it without a word, and Jenks felt that the incident atoned for previous unworthy doubts of his dark friend's honesty. The Mohammedan cautiously examined the back of the house, the neighboring shrubs and the open beach. After a brief absence he reported all safe, yet no man has ever been nearer death and escaped it than he during that reconnoissance. He, too, forgot that the Dyaks were foxes, and foxes can lie close when hounds are a trifle stale.

Mir Jan returned the revolver.

"Sahib," he said, with another salaam, "I am a disgraced man, but if you will take me up there with you I will fight by your side until both my arms are hacked off. I am weary of these thieves. Ill chance threw me into their company. I will have no more of them. If you will not have me on the rock, give me a gun. I will hide among the trees, and I promise that some of them shall die tonight before they find me. For the honor of the regiment, sahib, do not refuse this thing. All I ask is if your honor escapes that you will write to Kurnal I-shpence-sahib and tell him the last act of Mir Jan, corporal in B troop."

Jenks was profoundly moved. He reflected how best to utilize the services of this willing volunteer without exposing him to certain death in the manner suggested. The native misinterpreted his silence.

"I am not a rascal, sahib," he exclaimed proudly. "I only killed a man because"—

"Listen, Mir Jan. You cannot well mend what you have said. The Dyaks, you are sure, will not come before morning?"

"They have carried the wounded to the boats and are making the ladders. Such was their talk when I left them."

"Will they not miss you?"

"They will miss the goatskin, sahib. It was the last full one."

"Mir Jan, do as I bid and you shall see Delhi again. Have you ever used a Lee-Metford?"

"I have seen them, sahib, but I better understand the Mahtini."

"I will give you a rifle, with plenty of ammunition. Do you go inside the cave, there, and"—

Mir Jan was startled.

"Where the ghost is, sahib?" he said.

"Ghost! That is a tale for children. There is no ghost, only a few bones of a man murdered by these scoundrels long ago. Have you any food?"

"Some rice, sahib; sufficient for a day or two at a pinch."

"Good! We will get water from the well. When the fighting begins at dawn fire at every man you see from the back of the cave. On no account come out. Then they can never reach you if you keep a full magazine. Wait here."

"I thought you were never coming," protested Iris when Jenks reached the ledge. "I have been quite creepy. I am sure there is some one down there. And, please, may I have another drink?"

The sailor had left the crowbar beneath. He secured a rifle, a spare clip and a dozen packets of cartridges, meanwhile briefly explaining to Iris the turn taken by events so far as Mir Jan was concerned. She was naturally delighted and forgot her fears in the excitement caused by the appearance of so useful an ally. She drank his health in a brimming beaker of water.

She heard her lover rejoin Mir Jan and saw the two step out into the moonlight, while Jenks explained the action of the rifle. Fortunately Iris was now much recovered from the fatigue and privation of the earlier hours. Her senses were sharpened to a pitch little dreamed of by stay-at-home young ladies of her age, and she deemed it her province to act as sentry while the two men conferred. Hence she was the first to detect, or, rather, to become conscious of, the stealthy crawl of several Dyaks along the bottom of the cliff from Turtle beach.

"Robert!" she screamed. "The Dyaks! On your left!"

But Iris was rapidly gaining some knowledge of strategy. Before she shrieked her warning she grasped a rifle. Holding it at the "ready"—about the level of her waist—and depressing the muzzle sufficiently, she began firing down the side of the rock as fast as she could handle lever and trigger. Two of the nickel bullets struck a projection and splashed the leading savages with molten metal.

(To be continued.)

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CINDERELLA IN A CAR

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It was late when Sercombe boarded the midnight special from Chicago to St. Louis. He felt annoyed. Every berth was taken except the upper one in section 5. Nearly all the others were made up and occupied as well. He left his grip and overcoat on one of the seats and went to the smoking compartment for consolation.

Except for a stout, clean shaven party at the end of the corner table he was alone. The train had left Joliet before Sercombe was on speaking terms with the stout party. He was J. Wilcox Wood of St. Louis and "almighty glad to get back, sir."

Sercombe accepted the information unsociably. Just how any one could want to get back to St. Louis was beyond his comprehension.

His berth had been made up, and he climbed to it with silent, philosophical resentment against the combine of the spinning ladies who held the thread of fate to make him generally uncomfortable. He had just fallen asleep when something struck him in the face, and he wakened with a shock, expecting the horrors of a wreck to crush in on him. But absolute peace and silence reigned throughout the car. The opalescent globes on the lamps trembled slightly with the motion of the train, but that was all.

Sercombe sat up and reached for his watch under the pillow. As he did so his hand came in contact with the missile that had struck him lying back of the pillow. It was a lady's slipper—a small black patent leather affair. The heel was French, but moderately high, and there were three sets of V shaped straps that buttoned across the instep. Sercombe examined it curiously. A slipper like that expressed the character of the person who had purchased it. It was dainty, effective, distinctive, not extreme, designed for comfort and yet perfect in style. It seemed ridicuously small for a woman's foot. Finally he let conjecture slip into acceptance of the chance that had tossed it to him and fell asleep with it under his pillow. In the morning he decided he would play the prince and go on a still hunt for his sleeper Cinderella.

He rose early. The train was scheduled to arrive in St. Louis at 7:30 o'clock, and he had no intention of letting Cinderella run away. One by one the berths were made up, and he scanned the occupants eagerly. Five ladies appeared. After a careful, judicious survey Sercombe settled on the owner of the slipper. He felt positive that she was the only one who could possibly wear such a slipper.

She was in section 7. He could see her head with its masses of red brown hair, the fluffiest, waviest, most willful hair he remembered ever having seen. He noticed also that she did not rise, and having sauntered casually up and down the aisle he saw that her gray silk traveling cloak covered her feet completely. It was almost 7:30 o'clock. Sercombe took the slipper from his side coat pocket and paused at section 7.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I think I have your slipper."

She glanced up at him in amused surprise as he laid the slipper in her lap. Sercombe's heart started up a ragtime "come all ye" as he looked down in her eyes and tried to explain the extraordinary fact that he had been struck in the head by her slipper about 2 in the morning, when suddenly he heard the voice of J. Wilcox Wood speak to him across the aisle.

"That slipper's mine, my boy," he said jovially. "Just hand it over, will you?"

Before Sercombe could speak he went on apologetically:

"You see, I had the upper berth across from you. Some one disturbed the peace last night by playing a nocturne on his nasal organ. Understand? I thought that it was you, sir, and took the liberty of throwing one of my samples at you to break the spell. This morning I found out that it wasn't you at all. It was the old boy in the lower berth. No offense! Have a cigar? I just had one with the old boy to square matters."

While Sercombe hesitated old man Griswold came leisurely down the aisle and put out his hand.

"Hello, Archie! Didn't waste any time getting down, did you? Thought we'd get in a little ahead of you and start things moving. Flora, this is Archie Griswold, manager of our St. Louis branch. Had breakfast? No? Then come home with us!"

Four months later Sercombe, junior partner of the firm of Griswold, Sercombe & Co., sent an order to one J. Wilcox Wood, shoe salesman of St. Louis, for a pair of bridal slippers, duplicates in white kid of a certain other pair that had changed the current of fate for him, and this time he had the satisfaction of fitting them himself on the feet of Flora Griswold, his Cinderella.

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THE COMFORTABLE WAY.

SOUTH		NORTH
6.10 p. m.	Claremont	8.30 a. m.
5.25	Hufton	8.05
5.40	Putney	7.50
	Tacoma Park	
6.05	Plana	7.25
6.30	Aberdeen	7.00

TIME TABLE

CHICAGO, MILMAUKEE & ST. PAUL
H. & D. DIVISION

WEST		EAS
6.15 a. m.	Aberdeen	6.30 a. m
10.00 p. m.		8.35 p. m
6.00 a. m.	Bath	6.46 a. m
9.40 p. m.		8.50 p. m
5.48 a. m.	James	7.00 a. m
9.28 p. m.		9.02 p. m
5.35 a. m.	Groton	7.14 a. m
9.15 p. m.		9.15 p. m

EAST	WEST RUN	WEST
7.30 p. m.	Aberdeen	7.00 a. m
7.00 "	Mina	7.30 "
6.30 "	Ipswich	8.00 "
6.00 "	Roscoe	8.40 "
2.00 "	Evarts	1.00 "

SOUTH	NORTH RUN	NORTH
6.15 p. m.	Aberdeen	7.45 a. m.
5.30 "	Westport	8.35 "
4.50 "	Frederick	9.30 "
3.55 "	Ellendale	10.50 "

NORTH	SOUTH RUN	SOUTH
8.15 p. m.	Aberdeen	6.30 a. m.
7.52 "	Warner	6.50 "
7.27 "	Mellette	7.12 "

NORTH-WESTERN

SOUTH			NORTH
3.51 a. m.	Hecla	Pass.	1.20 a. m.
6.20		freight	5.00 p. m.
6.10	Houghton	Pass.	1.00 a. m.
6.45		freight	4.30 p. m.
6.35	Columbia	Pass.	12.35 a. m.
7.15		freight	3.55 p. m.
6.48	Ordway	Pass.	12.22 a. m.
7.35		freight	3.35 p. m.
7.10	Aberdeen	Pass.	11.59 a. m.
8.15		freight	3.00 p. m.
7.30	Rudolph	Pass.	11.44 p. m.
8.40		freight	2.10 "
7.47	Mansfield	Pass.	11.25 "
9.05		freight	1.45 "

J. H. Halbert

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